CHAPTER I.

"COME quickly, Lady Felicie, and I will show to you the apparition. You shall see for yourself if old Jeannot has invented a foolish tale to scare the silly peasant people. And my old eyes have not cheated me nor been bewitched by an evil spell—the figure passed not ten minutes ago. It always returns this way—so you can see it for yourself.

So said the worthy servitor of the Languedoc family, Jeannot Lazin, in a solemn and suppressed voice, as he motioned for his young mistress to follow him into the low shrubbery which skirted the meadow, ere the dense woods took possession of the ground.

The youthful Lady Felicie, with a smile of arch merriment on her bright young face, followed him fearlessly—pausing a moment, however, to cast an admiring glance at the scene she was leaving behind her.

Well worthy, indeed, this parting attention, was the charming bit of landscape, just now coqueting with the purple mistiness of approaching evening.

A prolonged, undulating slope of smoothly turfed terraces edged with straight lines of poplars, like deep green fringes, and crowned at the summit with the cluster of turreted roofs forming Languedoc chateau, whose tall, quaintly shaped chimneys rose far up against the gold flushed blue of the clouds, seeming to reach the slender thread of light which the young new moon hung out, as sign of her advent.

At the right was the thickly woven, undulating canopy of grand old trees, forming the Little Forest of which the Languedocs were so proud and chary—and far on to the left you caught the glitter of waves, where the Mediterranean reveled in the last golden beams of sunshine, and the bright reflection showed the spires and roofs of Frejus like some cloud city, ready to vanish at a moment's warning.

Lady Felicie gave a glance—smiled in joyous, triumphant consciousness that the beautiful spot was her own proud heritage, and then stepped lightly and daintily along over the rough pathway by which Jeannot led her.

The old man looked profoundly solemn—very much awed, and a little frightened, as he plunged into the deepening shade, every now and then pausing to allow the fairy footsteps of his companion to recover the advantage gained by his huge strides.

He found a dry, mossy spot, half covered with drooping vines, and motioned for Lady Felicie to occupy it.

"It is here I have always stood, Lady Felicie; you see that it commands a view of the opening path; he has always gone out past me," whispered Jeannot, with a stealthy glance at the designated pathway.

The smile faded off from the girl's face. Somehow the weird somberness of the wood, with old Jeannot's awe-struck face beside her—she could not retain her playfulness. She drew her mantle of violet silk closer over her head, and waited in silence.

"Hark!" whispered Jeannot, unconsciously grasping her arm.

A dull, heavy sound, of regular blows, whether from mortal ax, shovel or pick, could hardly be determined, broke the stillness reigning around.

The old man crossed himself reverently.

"I always hear it just so," whispered he, "and in a little while he is sure to appear."

"But ghosts don't work, Jeannot," said Lady Felicie. "Why don't you get some of the men with you, and follow up the sounds till you find what makes them?"

"Haven't I tried it alone? Holy Mary! I've searched and searched the woods over, and never a trace can I find of the ground broken, or of a tree disturbed. I had wild ideas at first—I thought somebody was burying some guilty secret—a murdered body, or a stolen treasure, and I meant old Jeannot shoud have the glory of finding it all out. I might as well have tried to raise a sunken ship from the sea. Oh, now, my lady, it's all beyond mortal finding out—that's my belief, and sure I won't be so bold as to bring upon myself the evil one's vengeance by prying into his doings. It was only because you reproved me, as an idle story teller, that I brought you here to see for yourself——"

He paused abruptly, shrank back under the bushes, and frantically seized her hand, while he pointed to the open pathway beyond them.

Lady Felicie bent forward, not without a violent beating heart, it must be admitted.

A tall, darkly draperied figure, with a shovel over his shoulder, was stalking slowly along before her eyes.

So much was undeniable. Moreover, although one hand held the shovel, and the other swung idly by his side, though no lantern or torch was anywhere visible, a little circle of bright light went wavering along with him, seeming to radiate from his very feet.

Despite her best efforts, a cold chill crept over the girl, and she stood shivering until the mysterious figure vanished from sight.

Jeannot was muttering prayers, with vehement eagerness.

Lady Felicie made a desperate exertion, seeing the old man's terror, and exclaimed resolutely:

"Nonsense! It was a man, who is prowling around here for some evil purpose. I acknowledge you have convinced me, Jeannot—my good, old Jeannot—that I was hasty in accusing you of trusting too much to your imagination. You have certainly seen the figure, but I opine it will prove to be decidedly more tangible and natural than a ghost. You must bring others with you and follow him——"

"Oh, my Lady Felicie, it is a ghost, or the evil one—don't talk so scoffingly. I am afraid an evil spell will fall upon you as a punishment. I was going to tell you how I did follow him, and how he turned upon me his blazing eye and threw up his hands, and little flames came dancing all around him, and he opened his mouth, and it thundered, and the very ground seemed to quake. Oh, I smelt the sulphur, and I saw the blue flames. Don't doubt it, Lady Felicie—I wouldn't come again for the king's scepter. I came now only to convince you. I am afraid some terrible thing is to happen to us, and that this is the sign. Holy Mary, have mercy! I will get the good priest to say prayers for us all. But come, we must return. My lady, the countess, will be angry with me for bringing you here, and Victoire will be tired of waiting where you stationed her."

And looking around him shudderingly, Jeannot stepped forth into the path.

Lady Felicie followed thoughtfully.

"It is very odd," murmured she; "when my father returns from Paris, it must be thoroughly investigated."

"Ah, yes; I shall be so glad when the count gets home. M. Pierre, the overseer, called me a foolish, old driveller, and bade me hold my tongue. The noble count might believe him, but you, Lady Felicie, can assure him that I do not lie. I'm sure that I do not want to frighten all the people, as M. Pierre says I do; but this is a dreadful thing to keep to myself."

"Don't talk now, Jeannot," said Lady Felicie impatiently. "How dark it has grown! I don't know what my mother would say, if she knew I came with you and without any other attendant. Pray, let us hurry."

The old servant quickened his pace at these words, and the lady kept step with him now.

She gave a great sigh of relief when they reached the open ground. The stars were out, and the pale silver crescent had brightened into gold. From the chateau flashed a ruddy gleam kindling from window to window.

A light figure came bounding down the hill.

"Oh, my Lady Felicie, have you come? Your mother has sent out twice for you. Have you seen it?"

"Hush, Victoire! keep discreet silence if you wish my favor, and don't tease me with questions. I will go to my mother now."

The pretty waiting maid dropped an humble courtesy, and followed demurely after her mistress, as the latter turned swiftly toward the chateau, but she was eagerly repeating to herself:

"Lady Felicie has seen the ghost, I am sure—or why does old Jeannot fling me such a triumphant glance! How brave these noble ladies can be! Nothing, I am sure, could have tempted me to go with Jeannot into the wood at this hour. She is so grave and still—it is certain that she has seen something."

The lady, however, did not gratify her curiosity. She passed hastily across the broad hall when she reached the chateau, and went directly to the boudoir of the countess.

She was a very fine looking woman, this Countess Languedoc—tall and stately, and dressed with suitable richness; but there was a sad expression in her soft, deep eyes, which betrayed that her noble estate had not brought with it unmixed happiness.

She rose from the velvet lounge as her daughter entered, and exclaimed, childishly:

"Felicie, Felicie, where have you been? This wild rambling will not answer. You know how deeply it would displease the count to know you were away from the chateau grounds, unattended. And I have sent twice for you, and no one knew where you were, not even Victoire. Your father—"

The sweet, red lips of Felicie checked further speech, as she flung her arms around the lady's neck, and kissing her repeatedly, answered gaily:

"Ah, yes, my father—I understand, my lady mother; but mon pere is away in Paris, and will never know, for I am sure you will not tell him. And it is so refreshing, so delightful to be free and wild just a little; I'm sure when I have half a dozen servants at my heels, as papa always sends me forth, all my pleasure is destroyed, and I have many a time envied one of our own peasant girls her unmolested freedom. Say, now, my darlingest of mammas, do you blame me, if I take advantage of my father's absence, and send the troublesome attendants to their proper places?"

The dancing, sparkling eyes peered roguishly into her face, and the countess smiled, even while she sighed.

"I suppose it is natural," said she, yielding, while she stroked back the glossy waves of hair from the fair forehead.

"Of course it is," replied Felicie, gaily; "mon pere is so—so exceedingly particular, it is most tiresome. Where's the good of grandeur if it must torment you all the time? Now that he can't insist upon our going down to regular dinner in that huge dining hall, that looks ready to swallow two people like you and me, why not ring the bell and order a nice little repast for us here! It would be so cosy, so home like, so extremely delightful."

The countess smiled still more brightly, and stretched out her hand toward the bell.

Felicie flew to reach it, and after the necessary orders had been given, she threw off her mantle, playfully seated the countess again in the easy chair, and drew a cushion of emerald velvet to her feet.

"Now, mamma, for one of our cosy talks—what shall it be about?"

"Your absence, tonight, ma chere. What detained you so long, my child?"

Felicie shrugged the white shoulders gleaming so prettily through the lace cape of her low bodice of violet silk.

"Ah, mamma, that will be too dismal a topic. Wait till they have brought more candles. Tell me something about your girlhood; what you thought, how you felt when you were no older than your giddy daughter."

The delicately penciled eyebrows of the countess contracted, and a weary look of pain flickered a moment over her face.

She took up the fairy hands crossed over her knee and kissed them softly.

"I must say as you do, my love, it is too dismal for that, while the room is so dimly lighted. I have received a letter from your father during your absence. He is to leave Paris in another week, and he thinks the young Marquis de Berri will accompany him on his return hither, and bids me prepare you for it."

Felicie started, and a flood of crimson rushed to her face.

"Oh, mamma," exclaimed she, and then covering her face with her hands she burst into tears and sobbed vehemently.

CHAPTER II.

THE countess made no effort to check her, only now and then bent down and kissed the flushed forehead and wet cheek.

Felicie started to her feet and began pacing to and fro.

"It is so humiliating!" exclaimed she, passionately; "to be bartered and sold like a dumb animal, because rank and estates are matched; to have no question asked concerning character and hearts. Oh, it is barbarous!"

The countess watched her with a perturbed and deeply sympathizing face.

"Does my father think I am a stone, or a butterfly—that I have no feeling, no taste, no deep soul requirements? Oh, I have envied the peasants before, but never so much as now. I could wish I had never been born!" went on Felicie, more and more bitterly, while the excitement grew upon her, her soft, dark eyes glittered fiercely, and two burning crimson spots gathered upon her cheeks.

Her mother sighed deeply.

The girl heard it and turned impetuously.

"Oh, mamma, mamma! my good, true, tender mother—surely you will not be harsh with me, you will pity me! Oh, implore my father to forego this hated marriage. I know nothing of the marquis, I do not wish to know him. I abhor his very name. Say that I need not see him."

"I fear that I cannot promise you any help," answered the countess, sadly.

Felicie turned away with girlish petulance.

"No one cares for my true happiness, no one knows how to pity me."

"Felicie!" said the countess, in a tone of deep reproach and unutterable sadness.

The ingenuous girl flung herself into her arms, imploring pardon amidst a flood of tears.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ADAM'S HEIGHT.

Figures Seem to Show That It Was Sixty-Five Feet.

At various times within the last few years assertions have been made by many thinkers that Adam and the antediluvian people were of extraordinary height, but many other thinkers (who have never thought much about the matter) have laughed at the assertion and cried "bosh," says an exchange. I, too, am of the opinion that there was something more about Adam that was extraordinary besides the number of his years. To prove the same by a course of mathematical reasoning we will take Noah, whose life was twenty years longer than Adam's and who is quite as well known for his generosity to the human and animal races. According to Genesis Noah lived 950 years and then died. It is a well-defined rule in nature that animals, bipeds and quadrupeds live about three and one-half times the number of years required for their individual maturity. Thus man in this century matures in 20 and dies at the age of 70 years. Dividing the age of Noah by three and one-half, we find that he reached his maturity in about 270 years. The average man of to-day at maturity measures about five feet and weighs about 125 pounds. Five feet in twenty years is equivalent to three inches in one year. Applying the same rule to Noah's maturing years, we find that at his maturity he was sixty-seven feet tall and weighed 1,375 pounds. It stands to reason that if Noah was so great in body that the originator of the race must have been equally as large.

Mrs. Wallace—I thought you told me that this was an educated parrot? Bird Dealer—Yes, ma'am. Mrs. Wallace—He must have been educated in an institute for the deaf and dumb.—Cincinnati Enqv

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"CROWNS OF THORNS AND CROWNS OF ROSES."

From the Text: "Ye Know the Grace of Our Lord Jesus Christ, That Though He Was Rich Yet For Your Sake He Became Poor"—II. Cor. 8: 9.

THAT all the worlds which on a cold winter's night make the heavens one great glitter are without inhabitants is an absurdity. Scientists tell us that many of these worlds are too hot or too cold or too rarified of atmosphere for residence. But, if not fit for human abode, they may be fit for beings different from and superior to ourselves. We are told that the world of Jupiter is changing and becoming fit for creatures like the human race, and that Mars would do for the human family with a little change in the structure of our respiratory organs. But that there is a great world swung somewhere, vast beyond imagination, and that it is the headquarters of the universe, and the metropolis of immensity, and has a population in numbers vast beyond all statistics, and appointments of splendor beyond the capacity of canvas, or poem, or angel to describe, is as certain as the Bible is authentic. Perhaps some of the astronomers with their big telescopes have already caught a glimpse of it, not knowing what it is. We spell it with six letters and pronounce it heaven.

That is where Prince Jesus lived nineteen centuries ago. He was the King's Son. It was the old homestead of eternity, and all its castles were as old as God. Not a frost had ever chilled the air. Not a tear had ever rolled down the cheek of one of its inhabitants. There had never been a headache, or a sideache, or a heartache. There had not been a funeral in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. There had never in all the land been woven a black veil, for there had never been anything to mourn over. The passage of millions of years had not wrinkled or crippled or bedimmed any of its citizens. All the people there were in a state of eternal adolescence. What floral and pomonic richness! Gardens of perpetual bloom and orchards in unending fruitage. Had some spirit from another world entered and asked, What is sin? What is bereavement? What is sorrow? What is death? the brightest of the intelligences would have failed to give definition, though to study the question there was silence in heaven for half an hour.

The Prince of whom I speak had honors, emoluments, acclamations, such as no other prince, celestial or terrestrial, ever enjoyed. As he passed the street, the inhabitants took off from their brows garlands of white lilies and threw them in the way. He never entered any of the temples without all the worshipers rising up and bowing in obeisance. In all the processions of the high days he was the one who evoked the loudest welcome. Sometimes on foot, walking in loving talk with the humblest of the land, but at other times he took chariot, and among the twenty thousand that the Psalmist spoke of, his was the swiftest and most flaming; or, as when St. John described him, he took white palfrey with what prance of foot, and arch of neck, and roll of mane, and gleam of eye is only dimly suggested in the Apocalypse. He was not like other princes, waiting for the Father to die and then take the throne. When years ago an artist in Germany made a picture for the Royal Gallery representing the Emperor William on the throne, and the Crown Prince as having one foot on the step of the throne, the Emperor William ordered the picture changed, and said: "Let the prince keep his foot off the throne till I leave it."

Already enthroned was the Heavenly Prince side by side with the Father. What a circle of dominion! What multitudes of admirers! What unending round of glories! All the towers chimed the prince's praises. Of all the inhabitants, from the centre of the city, on over the hills and clear down to the beach against which the ocean of immensity rolls its billows, the prince was the acknowledged favorite. No wonder my text says that "he was rich." Set all the diamonds of the earth in one sceptre, build all the palaces of the earth in one Alhambra, gather all the pearls of the sea in one diadem, put all the values of the earth in one coin, the aggregate could not express his affluence. Yes, St. Paul was right. Solomon had in gold six hundred and eighty million pounds, and in silver one billion twenty-nine million three hundred and seventy-seven pounds sterling. But a greater than Solomon is here. Not the millionaire, but the owner of all things. To describe his celestial surroundings, the Bible uses all colors, gathering them in rainbow over the throne and setting them as agate in the temple window, and hoisting twelve of them into a wall, from striped jasper at the base to transparent amethyst in the capstone, while between are green of emerald, and snow of pearl, and blue of sapphire, and yellow of topaz, grey of chrysoprase, and flame of jacinth. All the loveliness of landscape in foliage, and river, and rill, and all enchantment aqua-marine, the sea of glass mingled with fire as when the sun sinks in the Mediterranean. All the thrill of music, instrumental and vocal, harps, trumpets, doxologies. There stood the prince, surrounded by those who had under their wings the velocity of millions of miles in a second, himself rich in love, rich in adoration, rich in power, rich in worship, rich in holiness, rich in "all the fulness of the Godhead bodily."

But one day there was a big disaster in a department of God's universe. A race fallen! A world in ruins! Our planet the scene of catastrophe! A globe swinging out into darkness, with mountains, and seas, and islands, an awful centrifugal of sin seeming to overpower the beautiful centripetal of righteousness, and from it a groan reached heaven. Such a sound had never been heard there. Plenty of sweet sounds, but never an outcry of distress or an echo of agony. At that one groan the Prince rose from all the blissful circumjacence, and started for the outer gate and descended into the night of this world. Out of what a bright harbor into what a rough sea! "Stay with us," cried angel after angel, and potentate after potentate. "No," said the Prince, "I cannot stay; I must be off for that wreck of a world. I must stop that groan. I must hush that distress. I must fathom that abyss. I must redeem those nations. Farewell, thrones and temples, hosts cherubic, seraphic, archangelic! I will come back again, carrying on my shoulder a ransomed world. Till this is done I choose earthly scoff to heavenly acclamation, and a cattle pen to a king's palace, frigid zone of earth to atmosphere of celestial radiance. I have no time to lose, for hark ye to the groan that grows mightier while I wait! Farewell! Farewell! 'Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor.'"

Was there ever a contrast so overpowering as that between the noonday of Christ's celestial departure and the midnight of his earthly arrival? Sure enough, the angels were out that night in the sky, and an especial meteor acted as escort, but all that was from other worlds, and not from this world. The earth made no demonstration of welcome. If one of the great princes of this world steps out at a depot, cheers resound, and the bands play, and the flags wave. But for the arrival of this missionary Prince of the skies not a torch flared, not a trumpet blew, not a plume fluttered. All the music and the pomp were overhead. Our world opened for him nothing better than a barn-door. The Rajah of Cashmere sent to Queen Victoria a bedstead of carved gold and a canopy that cost seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, but the world had for the Prince of Heaven and Earth only a litter of straw. The crown jewels in the Tower of London amount to fifteen million dollars, but this member of eternal Royalty had nowhere to lay his head. To know how poor he was, ask the camel drivers, ask the shepherds, ask Mary, ask the three wise men of the East, who afterward came to Bethlehem. To know how poor he was examine all the records of real estate in all that Oriental country, and see what vineyard or what field he owned. Not one. Of what mortgage was he the mortgagee? Of what tenement was he the landlord? Of what lease was he the lessee? Who ever paid him rent? Not owning the boat on which he sailed, or the beast on which he rode, or the pillow on which he slept. He had so little estate that in order to pay his tax he had to perform a miracle, putting the amount of the assessment in a fish's mouth and having it hauled ashore. And after his death the world rushed in to take an inventory of his goods, and the entire aggregate was the garments he had worn, sleeping in them by night and traveling in them by day, bearing on them the dust of the highway and the saturation of the sea. St. Paul in my text hit the mark when he said of the missionary Prince, "For your sakes he became poor."

The world could have treated him better if it had chosen. It had all the means for making his earthly condition comfortable. Only a few years before when Pompey, the general, arrived in Brindisi he was greeted with arches and a costly column which celebrated the twelve million people whom he had killed or conquered, and he was allowed to wear his triumphal robe in the senate. The world had applause for imperial butchers, but buffeting for the Prince of Peace. Plenty of golden chalices for the favored to drink out of, but our Prince must put his lips to the bucket of the well by the roadside after he had begged for a drink. Poor? Born in another man's barn, and eating at another man's table, and cruising the lake in another man's fishing-smack, and buried in another man's tomb. Four inspired authors wrote his biography, and innumerable lives of Christ have been published, but he composed his autobiography in a most compressed way. He said, "I have trodden the wine-press alone."

But the Crown Prince of all heavenly dominion has less than the raven, less than the chamois, for he was homeless. Aye, in the history of the universe there is no other instance of such coming down. Who can count the miles from the top of the Throne to the bottom of the Cross? Cleopatra, giving a banquet to Antony, took a pearl worth a hundred thousand dollars and dissolved it in vinegar and swallowed it. But when our Prince, according to the Evangelist, in his last hours, took the vinegar, in it had been dissolved all the pearls of his heavenly royalty. Down until there was no other harrassment to suffer, poor until there was no other pauperism to torture. Billions of dollars spent in wars to destroy men, who will furnish the statistics of the value of that precious blood that was shed to save us? "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor."

Only those who study this text in two places can fully realize its power, the Holy Land of Asia Minor and the holy land of heaven. I wish that some day you might go to the Holy Land and take a drink out of Jacob's well, and take a sail on Galilee, and read the Sermon on the Mount while standing on Olivet, and see the wilderness where Christ was tempted, and be some afternoon on Calvary about three o'clock—the hour at which closed the crucifixion—and sit under the sycamores and by the side of brooks, and think and dream and pray about the poverty of him who came our souls to save. But you may be denied that, and so here, in another continent and in another hemisphere, and in scenes as different as possible, we recount as well we may how poor was our Heavenly Prince. But in the other holy land above we may all study the riches that he left behind when he started for earthly expedition. Come, let us bargain to meet each other at the door of the Father's mansion, or on the bank of the river just where it rolls from under the throne, or at the outside gate. Jesus got the contrast by exchanging that world for this; we will get it by exchanging this world for that. There and then you will understand more of the wonders of the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, "though he was rich, yet for your sakes became poor."

Yes, grace, free grace, sovereign grace, omnipotent grace! Among the thousands of words in the language there is no more queenly word. It means free and unmerited kindness. My text has no monopoly of the word. One hundred and twenty-nine times does the Bible eulogize grace. It is a door swung wide open to let into the pardon of God all the millions who choose to enter it.

John Newton sang of it when he wrote:

"Amazing grace, how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me."

Philip Doddridge put it into all hymnology when he wrote:

"Grace, 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear."

When Artaxerxes was hunting, Tirebazus, who was attending him, showed the king a rent in his garments; the king said: "How shall I mend it?" "By giving it to me," said Tirebazus. Then the king gave him the robe, but commanded him never to wear it, as it would be inappropriate. But seeing the startling and comforting fact, while our Prince throws off the robe, He not only allows us to wear it, but commands us to wear it, and it will become us well, and for the poverties of our spiritual state we may put on the splendors of heavenly regalement. For our sakes! Oh, the personality of this religion! Not an abstraction, not an arch under which we walk to behold elaborate masonry, not an ice castle like that which the Empress Elizabeth of Russia, over a hundred years ago, ordered to be constructed. Winter with its trowel of crystals cementing the huge blocks that had been quarried from the frozen rivers of the North, but our Father's house with the wide hearth crackling a hearty welcome. A religion of warmth and inspiration, and light, and cheer; something we can take into our hearts, and homes, and business, recreations, and joys, and sorrows. Not an unmanageable gift, like the galley presented to Ptolemy, which required four thousand men to row, and its draught of water was so great that it could not come near the shore, but something you can run up any stream of annoyance, however shallow. Enrichment now, enrichment forever.

The Hill of Death.

The Smithsonian Institution scientists say that the most remarkable prehistoric monument in the southwestern states—maybe in all the country—is a black barren butte on the lower Gila river, some fifty miles east of Yuma. It is not wonderful from any architectural standpoint. There are no marvelous hieroglyphics nor immense pieces of engineering work which baffle the minds of modern scientists. It is but a plain, bald, rocky point, uglier and plainer for its sharp contrast against the clear blue sky. But it is wonderful—because upon its aerial heights, which look down over the green vegas and rolling potreros, are the white and bleaching bones of a band of people who fought the last fight for existence. No one knows when this battle was given nor who were the besiegers of the besieged. There are evidences of a mighty conflict, and the little mesa which tops the mountain bears witness to the fearfulness of the struggle by its carpet of human bones. This point, which is known locally as La Loma de Muerte, or the Hill of Death, is a prominent landmark throughout this whole region. It is shunned by the Indians and superstitious Mexicans as well. The main highway from Tucson to Yuma leads by the base of this hill, and pious Catholics who have occasion to pass along the route invariably cast a rock upon the pile, which has thus accumulated into a considerable mound. Not a very costly shrine, but built with sincere hands.

Ever Near.

Of what an easy, quick access,
My blessed Lord, art Thou. How suddenly
May our requests thine ear invade
To show that state dislikes not easiness.
If I but lift mine eyes my suit is made
Thou canst no more not hear than thou canst die!

—George Herbert.

Price Lists.

Emma—And, Charlie, dear, would you have really shot yourself if I had refused you? "Indeed I would! I had already sent to four houses for price lists of revolvers."—Fliegende Blaetter